

536 theatre. But the writing was powerful and distinguished. My most vivid memory of Ka at that time was an ear-shattering torrent of abuse directed at his leading lady: 'Pas de Fred Astaire ici. Ce n'est pas le Music Hall.'

Today that play is a thing of the past, which nevertheless brought him fame. Now he is engrossed in a piece about a young schoolteacher who is sent to a pagan animist village in the south of the Senegal, to found its first school. The play centres on the conflict between the educated teacher and the local witchdoctor who opposes the school. Deep in Ka's intellect is a striking pre-occupation with the conflict of occidental reason with the seemingly irrational metaphysics of the forest and the bush.

Ka was seized by numerous other friends so we agreed to meet the following day at a café in the Avenue William Ponty, Dakar's main thoroughfare.

[547] The small café was crowded. Across the street the Café de Paris with its large, bad painting of Montmartre, was half empty and its clientele, sitting at the iron street tables, stared at us with vague interest. Ka was talking animatedly about nineteenth-century Russian novelists and the decline of Russian literature today. He was very typically '*rive gauche*' and indeed we might well have been in St. Germain des Prés.

'Of course, I think that Huxley is more essentially English than Graham Greene,' my companion continued in a new vein.

Later I went with Ka to his room in a small, dingy hotel in the back streets of Dakar. 'I prefer living here, away from my relations. At least one is free.' I wondered whether it wasn't because it reminded him of his life in Paris.

Together we read his latest play about Chaka, in which he treats the great Zulu as a narcissist. Once again I was struck by the power of his writing, the economy of his style. We fingered through copies of *Présence Africaine*, *Traits d'Union* and *Afrique en Marche* where he and his fellow intellectuals have their works published.

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571 Most striking of all is the cultural revolution, so marked in Dakar, but gaining momentum from all parts of the French West African Federation. Ka Abdou Anta is a part of this revolution, which has produced a generation, albeit small, of intellectuals who can vie on equal terms with their counterparts in Europe.